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The INDIAN WOMAN

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PHOTOS BY LEE MOORHOUSE

IN ONE respect the Indian woman is the equal of all other women. The men of her race hold her as their inferior.

No one accepts this standard more readily than the squaw herself. To ride last in parades seems to her as must as a woman should expect; to join with the men in their dances would be a distinction far beyond her; and to wear moccasins with beads upon them—well, that is a form of ornamentation reserved wholly for the braves. The red woman's plain, unbeaded footwear is one mark of her sex.

In the young Indian woman's bearing, however, there is the same freedom and pride as in that of the brave. Her life of constant exercise has been her Delsarte. She has Trilby feet—for nothing harder than undressed leather has ever confined them. The figure of the Indian maiden is straight and lithe. Her black hair is abundant and coarse; her teeth faultless; and her big dark eyes are soft and shy. The color of the wild girl's skin is a blending of brass, copper, bronze and California gold—a rich mixture and a rich effect.

The Indian squaw—just like other women—would enhance her natural graces. And think not that she has a soul so dead that she recks not of "the style." The blanket, which is the most prized portion of her attire, is subject to many changes in its colors and designs. A blanket may the thick and warm, but only one of the newest weave and dye will serve an up-to-date squaw.

The ordinary woman wears a big-flowered calico dress. She covers her head with a bright silk handkerchief or a grass-woven, basket-shaped hat. An Indian girl whom I visited on her reservation was clad in a dark blue sateen that she had made herself. The dress was a simple slip, curving in to the waist, and just reaching the top of her high, laced moccasins. The neck was cut rounding and a little low, and the sleeves were short and flowing. A wide, beaded belt clasped the girl's waist loosely. The garment was Greek in outline. This Indian girl had achieved one ideal of dress—the combination of classic simplicity and modern utility.

To see real elegance in dress, however, that can be rated at a money value of several hundreds or a thousand dollars, one must look upon some chieftain's daughter in her gala buckskin robe decorated with elk tooth pendants. As accessories to this robe of state the chieftain's daughter wears a collar of elk teeth and a beaded belt from which hangs a fox skin or that of a weasel. In her hand she carries a figured grass-woven basket.

Although our Indian sister does not read the beauty columns of the Sunday papers, she is not averse to using heroic measures for the purpose of rendering herself attractive. Often she goes into the little skin-covered hut that the Indians use when they take their sweat baths. Here, shutting her eyes, she smokes herself for hours in the fumes of willow twigs. This permeates her body with a delicate perfume. She also spends much time in combing her glossy hair. She braids it into two long plaits, which she lets hang down upon her bosom. As a last touch to her coiffure she paints upon the top of her head where her hair parts a red stripe.

The Indian girls marry young. Fifteen is the usual age at which they become wives. Daughters are the property of their fathers. The bucks exchange ponies for sweethearts. Although many of the old families of Virginia—among them the Randolphs who are descendants of Pocahontas—boast of Indian blood, the humblest Indian girl considers it a degradation to marry a white man. By all the tribes it is held a mark of degeneracy to possess the mingled blood of white and red.

Few Christian marriages are celebrated on the reservations. Most of the young women prefer to follow the simple rites of their race. These ceremonies are but two. The first one, naively romantic, is the betrothal. The lover goes by night to the maiden's tepee, and sings her a love ditty. She comes out in the moonlight and joins hands with him. Thus the engagement is announced.

The marriage ceremony, however, is more prosaic. Two blankets are spread in the middle of the tepee. The bride and groom sit upon these and they are married. The wedding guests bring presents and heap them upon the couple.

When the Indian maid becomes a wife, she obeys and loves her brave. Lift the flap of a tepee and you will often see the squaw, with a look of contentment, tenderly combing and smoothing her warrior's long hair. Her love is not unrequited. I have seen the husband painting with great care upon his squaw's head the adorning vermilion stripe. The red mother is devoted to her children. Of the little girl she is fond. She fashions small boards and flaps in which to tie up her doll papoose. To the little boy she gives the kind of care that trainers give to their fine colts. In his infancy she takes measures to make the future brave strong and straight. She disciplines him firmly but gently; no harsh word or blow must break his spirit.

The haughty reserve of the Indian warrior appears in the woman as a most engaging modesty. A girl on the reservation will cast her eyes down and in pretty English, if she has been to school—answer a visitor's praying questions. If given a little present, she will softly say: "Thank you," and however red the ribbon or the 'kerchief may be, will lay it aside without looking at it while the donor is near.

This shyness, which is not bashfulness nor awkwardness, but rather a sensitive reserve, attracts one to the Indian girl. I remember how Ruth, when I asked her to come to Whirlwind's tepee with me, drew back, begging to stay behind, because "she didn't like to go before so many men." The red maiden displays also in her love affairs the world-old coyness. Josephine came to a white friend to ask him to write for her a letter to her favored brave. As she left to mail the letter her last words were: "Don't tell mother."

Has any one ever told you that the Indian woman has no sense of humor? Smile at her and she smiles back. "How much are these moccasins?" I inquired of a squaw. She knew that I only wanted to make her talk. Although moccasins were sold for much less, she twinkled and replied: "Post timpt"—$10. Yet, when one means business, the squaws are keen traders. The merchants out west, who buy the squaws' handiwork, will tell you that no one can get the best of her in a bargain. She is likely to hold out for more than the value of her wares.

The worst trait in the character of the squaw, however, is her love of gambling. This vice is inherent in her race. The husband teaches the wife to play cards. The children look on while their mothers draw around a blanket in the tepee and follow the chances of the game.

The squaw, despite her gambling, is industrious. She chops and carries on her back the firewood. She does all the cooking. She has not broiled and roasted for centuries in vain. Travelers in the northwest, who have eaten with these Indians, tell of the deliciousness of the squaw's cooked salmon.

The Indian women make the grass baskets that we see in Indian stores. They also tan buckskin and make gloves and moccasins. The celebrated Navajo blankets are woven by the women of that tribe. The women not only do the light work; the men leave all the heavy toil to them. If a crop is to be raised, the squaws must be the laborer; if a new tepee is needed, she must build it. To this nomad wife moving day comes with more frequency than to the dweller in the city flat. But the red man summons no van. The squaw takes down the tepee, and packs poles covering and blankets upon ponies. Then leading her pack animals, she follows in the wake of her lord.

In times of peace the squaw goes with her buck upon the chase. The men shoot down the antelope; the squaws do the rest. They skin the animal and cook or dry the meat.

Even in wartime the squaws do their part. They hold the ponies while the warriors go forward to the attack. Or when the braves capture a band of horses, the squaws ride them off. They even fight sometimes like the Amazons of old. The Nez Perces squaws of Chief Joseph "fought like men" when he made his famous campaign against the United States army.

The red woman who clasps her blankets on her shoulders, and slings upon her back her baggy-cheeked papoose, bound upo his board like a huge cocoon, is more often now the educated than the wild woman. Why she returns from school, straightway removes her civilized garb and goes back to the blanket, is a puzzle to her white neighbors. However, they know but their own life. She has known both. She makes her choice.

Jennie, the daughter of Chief Pio, graduated from Chemawa, the Indian college near Seattle. When she returned to her tribe she resumed the blanket and her old manner of life. She soon became the squaw and the property of an Indian buck.

Indeed, it is dangerous now to assume that any squaw one meets is the untutored savage woman. I saw an Indian women, blanketed and with a silk kerchief on her head, in a store out west. When, out of curiosity, I asked her some childish question, she replied: "Thank you, I don't care to talk this morning."

In short, the life of the Indian woman is one unbroken camping out. No one will deny that such an existence holds some of the joys we all covet.

To explain the fascination that untamed nature has for all men, it has been said: "When civilized man goes to the mountains or to the forest, he is simply going home." Then why do we marvel that the civilized red woman become homesick for the tepee beside the winding stream; that, when she returns to the old surroundings, the spell of the mountains and forests is stronger upon her than the laws of conventional life?

The real problem of the Indian woman is, can we educate her, give her of our best, and still not take from her all the old freedom and joys of her wild life?

THE TEACHER.

SUMMER HAIR.

TRILBY FEET.

THE EDUCATED GIRL.

SAC-A-JA-WE-A.

"SCOTTY" The Story of a Cat.

BY ERNEST HAROLD BAYNES.

THE first time that I saw "Scotty" he was surrounded by a group of admiring children on the veranda of a summer cottage in Maine. The youngsters stroked his fur and pulled his tail, and arranged and re-arranged a blue ribbon on his neck, and the big cat evidently enjoyed it all, for, instead of running away, he marched about with arched back and tail erect, rubbing his sleek sides against the legs of his playmates.

For a week or two after this I often saw this cat, an enormous gray fellow, with black bars, romping good naturedly with any member of the household who would play with him. But one day a telegram came for the man who lived in the cottage, and he and his family made immediate preparations to leave for the west. In the general excitement nobody thought of the cat until the question, "Is pussy goin', too?" called attention to the baby, who now appeared with "Scotty," his head clasped tight to her bosom, and the rest of his body trailing on the floor. All the children wanted to take him, of course, but their mother and father, realizing the difficulties in the way of taking the cat, decided to leave him, believing that he was popular enough to be well looked after by the neighbors. And in this they were partly right, for as soon as the house was vacant, the big gray cat found a warm welcome at any of the other cottages he chose to visit. But by and by the autumn came, and with it chilly days, which drove the cottagers, a few at a time, back to the cities. On the 1st of October the last family left the place, and "Scotty" was alone.

For a little while he got along without hardship. The weather was not very cold yet, and in a barrel at the back of one of the houses he found scraps which lasted for several days. After that he began to get hungry, for the first time in his life, and he wandered from one deserted garden to another, hunting for something to eat. Now and then he would leap to the window sills of houses where he had often been fed, and meou plaintively in hopes of gaining admittance.

One morning, when he had been without food for two days, there came a flurry of snow, and with it a flock of juncos, which alighted in the yard where the scraps had been. "Scotty" was crouching close to the back steps when they arrived, and in an instant his whole body took on an attitude of attention. He was hungry, and there was a breakfast close before him—if he could only catch it. Silently he pressed his body closer to the ground, and, slowly as the hand of a clock, he moved toward the busy group of slate-colored birds. In his eyes there was a cruel look which had never been there before, and which became intensified as he drew nearer to his prey. At last he gathered his legs well under him, and, leaning forward, he sprang forward as though thrown from a catapult. There was a "whirr" of small wings amongst the scattering snow, and a flickering of white tail-feathers as the juncos flew away—that is, as all but one flew away. Scotty crouched on the spot where he landed, switching his tail angrily from side to side, and growling as well as he could with his teeth buried in the body of his victim. In that hour self-reliance was born in him. No longer did he prowl about the gardens or meou beseechingly on the window sills; he seemed to realize that he could satisfy his hunger only by capturing living creatures, and these he hunted from daylight until dark. And it did not take him long to find out that more game was to be had in the woods than near the houses, so into the woods he went, and made his home in the hollow of a fallen tree, into which enough leaves had drifted to make him a bel. Often he went desperately hungry, and once he almost starved to death, but a rabbit now and a squirrel then kept the life in his body until spring. Then the migrant birds began to return, and when they came in, tired and listless, from their long journeys, he found them easy prey after the wary creatures he had hunted during the winter. And when they began to nest, his work became easier still, and he could either devour them in the nest or fall upon them as they blundered about on the ground. As a destroyer he was worse in some respects than a fox or a skunk, for he could climb, and nothing was safe from him. Among other birds, he killed pheasants and grouse, and during the spring, summer and autumn he destroyed more game than any other creature in his territory.

The following winter was a very hard one, and in spite of "Scotty's" great cunning and agility, he often went hungry for days at a time. One bitter night, as he was stalking, half famished, over the snow, he started across an open space in the forest. Next morning that open space looked like a battlefield, and, indeed, it was one, for the snow was ploughed up for many yards, around and dyed with blood. Feathers and gray fur were strewn in a wide circle, in the outer edge of which lay a mangled horned owl, with its mighty talons buried to the hilt in the back of a gray tom cat.

The Trail of The Serpent.

Tattlings of a Retired Politician

By Forrest Crissey
Author of "A Country Boy"

DEAR NED—I'm a little surprised that you should hark back to one of my old letters and confess that you have kept a sore feeling simmering away under your wishbone all these weeks. I thought you knew me better than that, Ned.

And so you resent my statement that I'd rather have a son of mine caught stealing scab sheep than see him elected to a legislature? Well, perhaps that was putting it rather strong. In fact, I'll admit that I did bear down rather hard on a whole lot of good men when I bunched the entire legislative field in that sort of an omnibus condemnation.

Only the young reformer in the first intoxication of his own eloquence is entitled to the lofty privilege of lumping humanity into two classes and then taking his place with the sheep while he makes moral faces at the goats. As I never traded much in reform stock of the professional sort I'll not begin at this late day to pick up their tricks or preach their sermons. I stand corrected for too broad a conclusion and failing to draw the distinction that excepts a respectable number of square and honest lawmakers from the moral bats who somehow manage to sneak in under every state house dome and give a bad name to the legislative schools in which such men as Jefferson, Clay and Lincoln had their schooling for a bigger field.

But you can't understand how the word legislature riles me without knowing of one or two experiences that burned themselves into my recollection when I first went down to the assembly with the notion that I was honored by a trusting constituency and was going to work with a bunch of picked men for the best interests of the old state. Sometimes I wake up in the middle of the night and look back upon one or two of those legislative scenes until my eyes swim and my teeth grit!

I've never yet put into cold words the one experience that cut me closest, but I guess it's time I did, for you can't get my viewpoint on this legislative business without it. And there's no use claiming that there was any particular novelty in what I went through, for the same sort of a proceeding has been repeated, with variations, under the shade of every state house in the land. But to the story:

You were at home that session holding down the sheriff's office, but you will remember that the corporations made the big fight that winter, to break down the bars on the franchise question. It was war to the hilt and modern "water cure" was a mild and Christian method compared with the tactics which the corporations put into play from the time the speaker took his chair and named the committees.

Three school boys couldn't have made up to each other quicker than Big Ed Hammer, Gentleman Joe Tolliver and I got together. Ed was a veteran—as sound and square as a marble obelisk; Joe, like myself, was in his maiden term. The minute I caught the sparkle in the tail of Joe's eye I knew he was my sort, and Big Ed seemed to feel the same way. And, besides, a mutual friend had told Ed: "You take these two youngsters under your wing, give 'em as good a show as you can and see that they don't get into mischief."

Joe had the winsomeness of a modest and tactful woman with a clear and nimble mind that marked him as a thoroughbred. Every quality he showed was of a sort to mark him as a gentleman and draw me closer to him. It didn't take me long to learn that time isn't the main factor in forming a friendship; that you can get nearer to a man in meeting him every day for three months and fighting battles shoulder to shoulder with him than you could in [illegible] casual contact under commonplace circumstances, and that strong attachments, like fierce enmities, are things of swift growth in the strain and stress of legislative life.

From the very start Ed, Joe and I acted together, had adjoining rooms and were as thick as three peas in a pod. In fact, the boys soon began to call us the Three Brothers. We didn't object to being bunched in this way and accepted the title without protest. But the most comfortable and important basis of our little three-cornered brotherhood was the fact that we seemed to size up the right and wrong of things in about the same way. And it doesn't take a guidepost or a special spiritual adviser to point a man to the right road in law-making any more than in plain business of any sort. All he has to do is to settle it with himself, right at the start, that he is going to be absolutely square without any ifs or ands, and then stick to this through thick and thin. But if he doesn't draw the reins tight at the start and allows that he will treat every proposition that comes up individually, he can depend upon it that he's likely to do a lot of side-stepping before he is through with the game.

We talked all this over one night together in Ed's room and he laid down the law in this way: "When a fellow makes it up with himself that he's going to stick to the straight track from one end to the other without asking his conscience for any special orders to sidetrack or lay over he'll pull through all right; that's the schedule I've always traveled on, boys, and I'm mighty glad to find that you're inclined to run on the same orders."

Big Ed was the head and front of the opposition to the franchise forces and although we were only cubs Joe and I were commonly regarded as his first lieutenants, in a way. Day and night we worked together sifting out the sheep from the goats and building up an organization that would stick together to the last ditch. It was harder work than holding a plow on a New Hampshire hillside, but Big Ed was heart and soul in the fight and threw his whole being into it. Every night we got together and counted noses. Sometimes this was a mighty solemn proceeding because now and then the enemy snatched a man from our forces.

But now and then there was a season of rejoicing in our camp when we were able to snatch a brand from the burning by convincing a weak-kneed fence-straddler that he couldn't afford to trifle with temptation or do anything short of enlisting with the boodle fighters.

All through these ups and downs Ed, Joe and I stood together like the three legs of a tripod, without a shadow of difference arising between us.

The first of the two big boodle bills was close up to a third reading as I entered the house one morning to begin the day's struggle with more courage than I had been able to scrape up since the long battle began. Joe's seat was almost across the aisle from my own, and as I turned to speak to him I saw a sight that made my eyes start and my flesh creep. There was Joe—but all the draggled, besotted and filthy specimens of drunken humanity that I ever beheld he was the worst. I felt as if I had been hit between the eyes with a sledge. For a few minutes I couldn't have told, to save me, the name of any man sitting five feet in front of me. Just as I began to recover my senses a little from the shock Big Ed came in, took one look at the Little Brother, as we sometimes called Joe, and winced as if he had been stabbed.

Of course, we had him taken out and taken to his room, but from that minute he slunk away from us whenever he could get a chance; our little brotherhood was broken and he avoided us as consistently as he had formerly stood by us.

Although Ed and I put in as much time trying to get Joe sobered up as we did in carrying on the fight against the corporation bills in the house, he did not see a single rational hour.

It was as idle to attempt to reason with Joe in his transformed and besotted state as to argue with a crazy Indian. He was seldom in his seat in the house and spent most of his time in the "Black lodge," the center of the spider web which the agents of the franchise interests threw out in every direction to catch their victim.

One day while Joe was over there at the Black lodge in the keeping of the men who had been told off at the start to run Joe down and, as the leader of the gang put it, "break his back," a young woman, with big sad eyes, called to see me. I knew who she was the minute her card was sent up, for Joe had told me all about her and intimated that they expected to be married shortly after the session was over. In a low but shaking voice she told me how, five years before, Joe had suddenly put an end to a career of dissipation, settled down to hard work and after a year of steady pulling in the harness had proposed to her. Not a hitch in their happiness had occurred until the morning when I found Joe transformed into a sot. In answer to a few questions she confirmed my suspicion that the boodle hounds had hunted back along Joe's trail until they found his besetting weakness and had then deliberately started out to "land" him with drink.

Well, after that, every time I came back to the city the white face of that young woman was waiting for me behind the iron fence in the big passenger station. But there was little hope to give her as she lifted her pitifully appealing eyes to me and put the question: "Is the Little Brother any better?" However, the girl's grit never failed her and she hung on like grim death.

(Continued on Page Two, Section Three.)